

IN BAJA CALIFORNIA.

ON THE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF OUR CONTINENT.

Strange Things to be Seen on Land and Sea—Our Correspondent Travels in a "Coach."

[Special Correspondence of the Record-Union.]

LA PAZ (L. C.), August 1, 1889.

Before bidding this old Capital a final adieu, we determined to view its suburbs and environs. Mentioning the wish to our friendly entertainers, horses were immediately placed at our disposal, it being taken for granted that the expedition would be made after the universal fashion of the natives, in the saddle. But one can have quite enough of that method of locomotion in the rural districts, and in traversing the long stretches of unoccupied country between centers, without choosing it in cities.

Inquiry for a carriage was met with looks of blank amazement and an expression on everybody's face that seemed to say, "What singular creature? Are these Americans?" But so polite are these hospitable Californians, that had we asked for a dromedary, an effort would have been made to gratify us. After days of delay, a four-wheeled vehicle—here yclept *coche*, probably the only one on the southern peninsula—was finally secured.

According to Scripture it would be no sin to worship that alleged "coach"—it being not in the likeness of anything above or below, and to be appreciated it must be seen—or rather ridden in. An unpainted box long and narrow like a piano case, entire guileless of springs, mounted high above four ponderous wheels that swayed to and fro, each with an independent motion of its own; three black benches inside, covered with cow skin (the hair left on in lieu of other cushioning)—the whole concern topped with a canopy of unbleached cloth, and drawn by three mules—a leader in front of two abreast.

Anxious to do his duty by the strangers and prove himself an honest Jehu, the Mexican cochero drove like a lunatic, up hill and down dale, over sands and boulders and ruts and "thank you-mans,"—gracing his horse incessantly with the making the welkin ring with his "mullas-a-a-a-h-h-h." No wonder the natives were astonished at our choice and themselves prefer the saddle—for the way we were bounced about, and battered black and blue, and our heads were banged into shapeless ruins by violent contact with the top of the coach was indeed pitiful.

Except in the vicinity of the landing, the streets of the La Paz seemed literally deserted—save for the dogs, which outnumber the human population three to one.

BIG DOGS AND LITTLE DOGS. Aristocratic canines and mongrels of every description, followed us in ever-increasing crowds, each house contributing its quota—barking in wildest excitement at the unobtrusive intruder, and stirring into denser clouds the dust that already enveloped us. A distinctive peculiarity of the La Paz is its luxuriant verdure in the midst of desert sands. Every casa is surrounded by lovely gardens, and the hum-buzz of bees and the rustle of shrubs and flowers, with creepers clinging to its thatched under the shelter of a spreading orange or pomegranate tree.

Wishing to see all sides of life, we accepted every invitation, whether it led among the lofty or the lowly, the rich or the poor, and very pleasant remembrances we shall retain of elegant entertainments in charming homes, and of hospitality no less sweet and cordial though of far humbler character. In the mansion of the wealthiest personage here, we thoroughly enjoyed a ceremonious dinner of fourteen courses, and came away laden with *recuerdos*, or souvenirs, of rare shells and beautiful flowers. In another handsome casa, where we were dined and wine and a polyglot company, speaking English, German, Spanish and English—we met the most beautiful creature I ever beheld, a Mexican widow, whose wonderfully soft, dark eyes, clear, olive skin and perfect features and figure rendered her a delight to look upon. She was about thirty years old—an age quite rare in this arid region, where girls marry at 10 or 12. Strange to say, most Mexican gentlemen, to whom the tropical style of beauty is too familiar to excite notice, prefer any lean, flat-topped, bilious-complexioned, pale-eyed Anglo-Saxon woman, even in the age fifty, to the loveliest girls of their own race. Such is the inexplicable nature of the genus homo in its taste for novelties.

Accompanied by a Mexican matron, we visited some of her friends, whom she described as *muy decento* (well connected) though poor. Through a barber shop we went, through a long empty shed beyond, and then into a stable—where a couple of cockneys were stabled, and a new pair of goats—and out of this ran a rickety flight of stairs to the home above. As in all Mexico, the trades-people of La Paz live the lower floor, if they have an upper story, or in any event the front and best rooms, for the reason that the families living contentedly in the rear of the above. Despite its unimpressive entrance and the

DIRT AND DISORDER. That reigning supreme, the abode to which we were introduced was not one of abject poverty. The family comprised an incredible number of people, considering the cramped space, and more dogs and children than I dared to enumerate; but everybody seemed healthy and happy, and serene in the unshakable conviction that the most desirable spot on earth to live and die is in the right here in La Paz. According to custom, small gifts were exchanged between the entertained and entertainers, wine and cigarettes were handed around, and a babel of confidential chatter went on, amid clouds of smoke from feminine lips. Upon the subject of all I have served that familiar caricature of the Garfield family—the death-bed scene, the coarsest of colored prints, painful enough to disturb the martyred President in his grave—to which, with evident pride, the mistress of the house directed my attention.

The women of this section are noted for doing the most exquisite "drawn work," on linen, after the old Spanish fashion. With infinite patience and a vast expenditure of precious eyewater, they work for months on one handkerchief—and then sell it for \$10, Mexican money, each dollar 25 cents less than one of ours.

I tried, in vain, to purchase a photograph of some scene in La Paz; but here is a three-hundred-year-old city, one of the most picturesque in existence, which has never yet been invaded by a photographer! Besides pearls and pearl-shells, silver bullion and ore, the exports of La Paz are tortoise shells, deer skins, salt, hides, oranges, *pasas*, the dried-stuff, or chilla moss, and *damiana*, an herb from which tea is made. Here is the place to buy

CORALS AND BEAUTIFUL SHELLS. Of every description. Everybody among the middle classes keeps them for sale, while boys follow the stranger along the streets with baskets full of them; or row to the ship's side with canoe loads to offer to passengers. Though remote from "the world's busy mart," they are not behind in the tricks of trade, and will come down gracefully from a first demand of \$5 to 25 cents, when they find you are not to be swindled.

Among other rare and curious trophies of the sea, one may purchase "porcupine"

fish—or, rather, their empty hides, dried and inflated—every quill standing erect, and eyes, mouth and fins all intact, like Mrs. Partington's crocodile, "large as life and twice as natural."

There are corals, also, pink and white; in bunches large as basket baskets, or in slender spires, two or three feet long. "Urchins" of various kinds and the queer *Hippocampus*, or "sea-horse," besides a wonderfully beautiful marine growth—a kind of ocean fan, here called *divers' fans*. They are found growing upright in the bottom of the gulf—a mass of closely-woven frond, spreading out like an immense palm leaf. In colors, they are a rich yellowish-brown, or terra cotta, and show to best advantage when submerged against a background of dead white. The ten pounds of it that your correspondent secured is destined to line the back and sides of a big cabinet, in which to stick sea-horses, star-fish, ocean anemones, etc., as an appropriate backing for larger shells and corals.

Nearly every species of edible fish to be found in the world abounds in these waters in greater numbers than elsewhere, and of extraordinary size and brilliant coloring. Sword-fish of immense proportions, frequently attack vessels, and have been known to leave their swords firmly imbedded in the timbers. There are sharks of every species, among them the "thresher" and "hammer-headed" variety, and the enormous *Thiropus* of the upper gulf, which often attain a length of thirty feet and weigh upwards of 1,000 pounds.

When the United States Hydrographic Survey was made here a few years ago, the sailors captured one of the sea-monsters in La Paz bay, after a struggle of several hours, which the creature exhibited incredible strength, pulling a boat, fully manned, at great speed for a long distance. It was the *manita raya*—a species of ray fish, most dreaded of all by the pearl divers and fishermen, because of its ferocity and the strength of a horse.

ALMOST HUMAN CUNNING. It was seventeen feet wide, over three feet thick at the middle and eleven feet long, exclusive of the tail, which was armed with a spike. Its jaws measured twenty-six inches across, the mouth opening the space between two singularly-shaped fangs projecting from its head like two long, curved, and pointed teeth, each weighing about a pound, and doubtless it is identified with the horned ray, sometimes called "sea devil" of the Mediterranean.

Another remarkable fish with which these waters are swarming is the *boopa*, which is a "bull-eye"—a kind of sun-fish, which has only one large eye, the size of a bullock's, and that in the center of the upper part of the body. Worst of all, it is the terrible octopus or devil-fish—a gigantic mollusk which lurks in rocky crevices along the shores in places sheltered from the sun, where it patiently waits among the sea-weeds watching for prey. Woe to the man or beast that comes within reach of its arms—those horrible arms, which to ten feet in length, each furnished with flat disks or suckers, and the strength of a horse.

The most successful mining enterprise on the Peninsula is that about forty miles from La Paz, at Triunfo, near San Antonio. The mines, seven in number, called Las Candelarias, are all owned and operated by Americans. Bullion to the amount of \$50,000 per month has been produced, with but one 36-stamp mill; while enough ore is said to be in sight to quadruple that amount with proper machinery. The ore is brought on the backs of mules from the mines to the mill, where it is crushed, then mixed with common salt, and roasted; then washed and amalgamated with mercury in large vats; finally the mercury is driven off by heat, and the remaining silver is run into bars of twenty pounds each. This silver is sent in wagons to La Paz, and there shipped to San Francisco.

THE PROCESS OF REDUCING ORE. By means of acids has been successfully tried, and probably will soon come into general use, on account of the scarcity of wood for the roasting process.

Gold has been found in small quantities in the granite ledge of San Lazaro, and much copper exists in the Calabazas, sixteen miles from Triunfo. The famous Cerro Island, a few miles from La Paz, is believed to be exceedingly rich in copper and silver, though not yet explored. Scarcely a day goes by without the sight of great numbers, and the reefs and crabs that surround it are the worst places known to man for those terrible devil-fish with their far-reaching arms. The island is about 116 miles long by five wide, and two sharp mountain peaks—one standing at the northern extremity, the other near the southern—rise, respectively, 2,700 and 3,200 feet.

Nearer still to the capital is the small island of San Juan, a few miles from the coast, and the United States Navy has a coal depot, where a supply of anthracite is kept for the use of its vessels of war, and a temporary landing-place has been made and the coal is transferred in small boats to the island, which yields large quantities of salt by natural evaporation. Tradition has it that a great amount of treasure was hidden here at some early day, and many a search for it has been made by the natives.

All about here are numberless islands, great and small—none inhabited, and many wholly unexplored. Their secrets, as well as their precious metals, if they contain any, will not be revealed to man for many generations to come, and the pearl-oyster beds lying within the shadow of their lofty cliffs are well-guarded by the long-armed octopus.

FANNIE B. WARD.

Salt Water Bathing.

Young William L. Crouch, of New Haven, died last Friday, as the result of a salt water bath at Stony Creek. The case was a peculiar one. It seems that he had taken salt water into his mouth, and that some of it passed up one of the "enstachial" tubes to the inner ear, where it created an inflammation, resulted in the rupture of the ear drum, and finally in still more serious complications which ended in the young man's death. To most laymen the idea that salt water is liable to run from one's mouth to his ear and cause his death is a new one, but if it be true, the lesson of this occurrence would seem to be that one should keep the salt water out of his mouth while taking an ocean bath. It is not impossible, provided the bather will keep his mouth shut, and we fancy it is the opinion of a considerable number of those who bathe at popular resorts that it would greatly increase the pleasure thereof if some of the shriller-toned and younger bathers could be induced either to keep their mouths shut, or just this. —*Norwich Bulletin.*

Self Defense Against a Dangerous Foe.

Forewarned is not forearmed in the case of those who incur the risk of an attack from that dangerous foe, malaria, unprovided with a means of defense. But if those in peril are aided, sustained, and fortified with the great fortifying safe-guard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, malaria, profligate breed of evils manifested in the shape of bilious remittent and chills and fever, ague cake, dumb ague, and the *calentura* of the isthmus and Central American lands, is nullified and rendered harmless. Our western pioneer settlers and miners, dwellers in tropical lowlands, and visitors of and dwellers in malarious localities in the tropics, should be ready-grated, and should have for years been acquainted with this unparalleled defensive medicine and remedy. All disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels, rheumatic and kidney complaints and rheumatism are conquered by it.

You don't have to continue dosing with Simmons liver regulator. Often a little cures effectually.

FARM AND ORCHARD.

THE FARMER SHOULD BE A "JACK-OF-MANY-TRADES."

Weight and Yield of Eggs—Summer Fall—Handling Horses—General Farm Notes.

To be a skillful workman should be the ambition of the farmer as well as the mechanic. Men of the highest attainments, in every calling, are always in the ascendency. But how is it with the farmer in general? An idea here seems to prevail, and with some degree of accuracy, too, that with the farmer it is a matter of "luck," that the successful ones are those that are so fortunate as to inherit or marry into a good farm, or are born with the proverbial "silver spoon in the mouth" in some other way. The reason why I say that the matter of luck seems to influence farmers more than other men, is that they evidently have less appreciation for the force and utility of brains or skillful attainments. But to look at the matter in its true light, we can see that the advantages of science, skill, and a high degree of ingenuity is equally as potent, necessary, and valuable with farmers as with any class of men.

It is peculiar to some men to especially excel in one branch, while with others their talents are of the opposite order, inclining towards a versatility of attainments. Among the latter class we should look for the best farmers. It is not sufficient for any man to be able to do one thing, but he must be able to do many things. A farmer in fifty will go into a garden and properly set a plant or use a hoe or rake. And it won't take long to tell where their mistakes are. In setting plants the custom is to press the dirt on top instead of on the sides, and to press the dirt on top, and in hoeing the variable practice is to kick up the ground and hill up everything instead of using a shuffling motion to loosen up the soil and hill up only what needs it. I have had hands actually get quarrelsome and try to chop orders from me when I told them "not to hill up those plants." To be a "jack-of-many-trades" is sometimes not creditable; but with a farmer he needs to be a jack-of-many-trades, and the better the jack the more credit.—*Correspondence Germanium Telegraph.*

A FEW POULTRY NOTES.

Mrs. E. P. Duden, writing from Lake House, August 20th, to the "Farm and Orchard" department of the RECORD-UNION, says:

Poultry at this season of the year should have generous care, as it is the moulting season, which is a heavy drain on their systems. Shade and fresh water are necessary, and a tonic of some kind in their drinking water two or three times a week is very beneficial. A spoonful or two of linseed meal and sulphur to half a dozen fowls, once or twice a week, is said to aid the moulting process. Douglas' mixture is most generally used as a tonic, and is made by dissolving one pound of copperas in a gallon of water and adding three table-spoonsful of sulphuric acid. Keep the water in stone or glass jars, and handle the acid very carefully. One teaspoonful of the mixture of each quart of drinking water. If possible the sexes should be kept apart during the moulting season. If poultry cannot have the run of a grass or alfalfa yard, green food should be provided for them. On a ranch there is always refuse fruits and vegetables that can be fed with an advantage to the poultry. Even in the towns where a person keeps a few fowls all the fruit and vegetable parings, orange leaves, bits of meat and stale bread, should be saved for the chickens. Lawn clippings are a positive luxury, never forgetting the fresh water. Now is the time to examine the poultry houses, particularly the roosts and nests, for during the hot summer nights that the mites and chicken lice get in their deadly work. The old adage: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," will apply to the poultry yard as well as elsewhere. But should the poultryman find that vermin is getting the best of the fowls, a liberal use of lime, carbolic acid and coal oil, will their quietus make, and send them to that undiscovered country from which no chicken louse will ever return.

WEIGHT AND YIELD OF EGGS.

The following statement of the weight and yield of eggs of the different popular breeds of fowls is from an exhaustive tabular statement by Mr. L. P. Simmons, who is considered standard authority on poultry.

Light Brahmas and Partridge Cochins, eggs 7 to the pound; they lay 80 to 100 per annum, or even more, according to treatment and keeping.

Dark Brahmas, 8 to the pound and about 70 per annum.

Black White and Buff Cochins, 8 to the pound; 100 or less per annum.

Plymouth Rocks, 8 to the pound, 100 per annum.

Houdans, 8 to the pound, 150 per annum.

La Fleche, 7 to the pound, 130 per annum.

Black Spanish, 7 to the pound, 150 per annum.

Dominiques, 9 to the pound, 130 per annum.

Game Fowls, 9 to the pound, 130 per annum.

Creve-Coeurs, 7 to the pound, 150 per annum.

Leghorns, 9 to the pound, 150 to 200 per annum.

Hamburgs, 9 to the pound, 150 per annum.

Polish, 9 to the pound, 150 per annum.

Bantams, 10 to the pound, 60 per annum.

Turkeys, 6 to the pound, 30 to 60 per annum.

Ducks, 5 to 6 to the pound, 30 to 60 per annum.

Geese, 4 to the pound, 20 per annum.

Guinea fowls, 11 to the pound, 60 per annum.

The eggs of the modern improved breeds of fowls have gained one-third in weight as compared with eggs formerly laid.

HANDLING HORSES.

Firmness, kindness and patience are three of the essential elements in the making of anyone who is a success in handling horses. Without the first a man would naturally be a failure. The condition of the horse when under the subjection of man is unnatural, although no domestic animal submits to its surroundings more gracefully and cheerfully. To control him perfectly the one doing it must be master of the situation under the circumstances. A firm man will prevent disasters where a faint one would fail. When a horse is to be brought under subjection it must be done by conquering his will and not his strength. It would be a dismal failure if the reverse were true. As to the second element, kindness, more of this the better. No horse was ever spoiled or injured by kind treatment. There is no animal upon the mind of which kindness will make a greater impression than upon

that of the horse. Without the latter, patience, no man can hope for success in handling horses. The man who can patiently develop the good traits of an animal and discourage the vicious ones has it within his power to change the worst of bad habits into one that will be valuable.

OVERWORK.

You overwork occasionally, do you not? Perhaps you do it habitually, but whether occasionally or constantly, you know that overwork debilitates and opens the way to the attacks of disease. Thousands of men die because of overwork. Well, what is true of men in this respect is true of the horse. We cannot overwork it without injury. The number of horses that are killed by hard work is very large. On the side of humane considerations, altogether, it may be said that a man who kills his horse, or injures it, usually does a very foolish thing. The excuse for overworking our horses is that the work must be done, there is "no must" about it. If a man kill a hundred-dollar horse in doing a hundred dollars' worth of work, he has made nothing—not a red cent. If he kills such a horse in doing fifty dollars' worth of work, he is fifty dollars out of pocket. If he overworks a little more particular in estimating the results of such sacrifices, we would less often make them.—*Western Rural.*

CALIFORNIA ALMONDS.

The almond tree thrives in nearly all portions of California, and bears abundant crops of this favored nut, which, if properly bleached and graded, returns the grower good prices. The California soft-shell almond, though not as large, is a much finer nut than the imported Tarragona, is possessed of a softer and finer shell, therefore the most profitable nut for sale in the market. The Eastern wholesale trade have begun to recognize the real worth of the California soft-shell almond, and now purchase the bulk of our crop each year.

PEACH CURL.

A writer to the London *Garden* still holds the opinion that the curl in the leaf of the peach arises from the work of the aphides, for which he recommends cod-linseed as a remedy, which he says discomfits the aphides and makes them wiggle and tumble. No doubt he has seen the aphides, and doubtless he has made them tumble, but they are not the cause of the curl. More than thirty years ago the present writer discovered, by using a good achromatic microscope, that the curl came from an internal fungus in the leaf, which was visible in the young leaves before they had opened, and which yet less than a tenth of an inch in breadth. The only efficient remedy was good cultivation, giving a vigorous growth to the trees, so that they were but slightly affected by the curl.

SUMMER FALLOW.

There has been much waste in summer-fallowing up to the present in any necessary way. The land is allowed to lie idle all summer, and nothing but weeds grow on it. Now this is all unnecessary, as is proved by Mr. John Finnell, Mr. Sweet and others, who have shown that if sown on it Egyptian corn. The corn has done well, it has kept the weeds from growing, and is now fine pasture or cut-turf.

Before the time arrives for sowing winter wheat, the corn should be cut and thrashed, and afterwards the wheat sown. No doubt all farmers will follow this wise example, and land will not be allowed to lie idle a whole year.—*Corning Observer.*

GRAFTING TREES.

When large, vigorous apple trees are to be grafted it is always best, if possible, to graft the center of the tree as low down as the center of the tree should be cut out and set to grafts, leaving the outside branches to remain. The second year, when the grafts have taken and one-half the ungrafted remainder has died, the complete grafting. The outside branches the first year protect the inside grafts from injury by being blown off, partially so the second year and the third year the older grafts, in return, save the younger ones from injury. The trees are thus gradually changed into new kinds without injury to the health of the tree.—*Orchard and Farm.*

MUST THE COW GO?

The Chicago and Milwaukee butter quotations of the past week have revealed a fact which should cause every dairymen to be on his guard. The price of butter has gradually changed into new kinds without injury to the health of the tree.—*Orchard and Farm.*

CHARCOAL IS A WONDERFULLY USEFUL ARTICLE TO FEED TO POULTRY. It acts on the blood and tones it up, the results of which are readily noticeable in the bright color of the comb and wattles and activity displayed by the chicken itself.

The *American Sheep Breeder* states that "if a few dry ewes and their lambs are kept in the field with sheep the dogs will seldom molest them. We have found sheep in the morning huddled so close around and under a friendly old cow that she could not get away from them; she had saved their lives."

The wisdom of planting willows has been justified during the recent floods. The Government engineer in charge of the Potomac river improvements states that where willows were planted the land was protected from washing, and practically no damage was done in the improvement of lands not so protected there was great loss.

To keep bugs away from melons, from tender plants, the sun from cauliflower, etc., cut barrel hoops into pieces sixteen inches long, crossing them in the center and fastening them together with a small wire nail. Then cover the fruit with light muslin, leaving an inch at the end of each stick exposed, so they may be pushed into the ground, thus drawing the cloth close to the ground at the edges. The frame, being flexible, can be adjusted to a greater or less spread, as desired.

It is a common error to place fertilizers around the butts of trees. The roots are widely extended, and are longer than the tops, and cover much more ground. All plant food is taken from near the end of the roots, and all manures should be spread around the roots. The roots cast over the surface of the ground, and will find it. If spread near the butt, where there are no feeding roots worth mentioning, the value of the manure is lost and if the manure is very caustic the tree will be injured also.

Many farmers have old pear trees upon them that are worthless. These should all be topped by lopping off the limbs a foot or two from the body of the tree. If the top is high, cut as low as possible. The tree will throw out many sprouts, which may be readily cut off the following year and a new tree made of desirable fruit, of a much lower habit and much easier to gather than if the top were grafted with old cutting. The tree should not be robbed of every limb at a single cutting, but it is better to leave some to give sustenance to the tree.

If you suffer from looseness of bowels or fever and ague, *Angostura Bitters* will cure you. Dr. J. G. B. Sargent & Sons, sole manufacturers. Ask your druggist.

Why will you suffer from indigestion and dyspepsia? Simmons liver regulator is pleasant and cures.

WIT AND HUMOR.



ALWAYS PRESENTABLE.

DE B.—"FINE OLD WOMAN, THAT MARIAM READING THE CORRECT FOR AN HOUR."

CONSTANT.—"AN INVARIANT SO GENTLE MANLY."

DE B.—"YOU'VE GOT ME."

CONSTANT.—"KEEPS HER HEAD SO WELL TRIMMED, YOU KNOW."

You can never get into the good graces of a young woman by watching her get out of a hammock.—*Life.*

"Yes," said the literary man, with a sigh, "style is a fine thing for a writer to have; but when his wife has got it, too, it takes all the fun out of a party."

"Yes, indeed," said the lady. Then she raised the window and shouted to her boy: "Johnnie, if you don't come out of that mud puddle I will break your back!"

At the jeweler's—"But, Max, don't you think it extravagant to give \$300 for a diamond to wear on your hand?" "Not at all, my dear; you don't consider how much I shall save on your gloves."

Undertaker—"What kind of trimmings will you have on the casket?" Widow—"None whatever. A plain casket. It was trimmings that killed him!" Undertaker—"What?" Widow—"Yes, delirium trimmings."

Complimentary—Charlie (who has been blowing the cornet for an hour): "Say, Ned, do you think there is any music in me?" Ned—"I don't know; there ought to be; I didn't hear any come out."—*Time.*

"What is your favorite watering place, Mr. Chavem?" asked the locations member of the party, and the milkman (for it was he) blushed crimson and straightway closed the topic of discussion.—*Boston Transcript.*

Bessie—"I met Miss Shapely out shopping to-day, and I never before realized what a loud voice she has." Jennie—"But you must remember, my dear, that she was asking for a new pair of No. 2 shoes."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A little chap was very much afraid of thunder storms, and one night, while praying at his mother's knee, being somewhat fearful of an approaching storm, he said: "Please send us only plain rain this time, if it will do just as well."

Lay not, my son, your Albert coat, nor your pearls before swine. Nor put your trust in any Trust. Of sugar, salt, vinegar, or whiskey. For moths will gnaw where ever they settle, And Trusts corrode the brightest metal.—*Puck.*

"Johnny," said the farmer to a lad who had arrived with the summer boarders and who was watching him turn the grindstone, "Kin you read?" "Yes, sir." "And can you write?" "Yes, sir." "Well, now you just spell me a little while at this grind stone while I go and feed the cows."

Eastern man (getting a glimpse of St. Louis from the car windows): "My gracious! What a hive of industry this must be! I'll travel (an Illinois man)!" "Eh?" "Well, you see, I just spell me a little while at this grind stone while I go and feed the cows."

"What was it," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "that first caused the downfall of man?" "The forbidden fruit," replied the class in concert. "That's right. And now what kind of fruit was it?" There was a silent pause, and then the offering of a newspaper for a joke up. "I don't know what it was, but it's a chestnut now!"—*Merchant Traveler.*

Hewell Gibbon—"Now, you can't say, my dear boy, that we have not an uncommon fine lot of handsome women in New York." Capt. Powderly, U. S. A. (the distinguished Irish fighter, on his first visit to the city in ten years): "No, indeed! They have brought the art of making-up to such perfection that girls of eighteen have every appearance of being exceedingly well preserved."—*Puck.*

A jettied grene apple hung by on a bough, lit dancin' and bobbin' in the breeze. A badd little boy came along, but somehow He failed to look up in the trees.

Now, wasn't his heedlessness cruelly wrong— As naughtiness as naughty can be? This poem, you see, might have been twice as long. Badd leet stop and look up in the tree.

—*Washington Critic.*

"My dear, an estimate here in the paper declares that if a man were relatively as strong as a bee, he could lift 198,000 pounds." "Is that right?" asked the editor. Bromley, as she dropped her left eyelid, "I'll look for a beetle in the morning."

"Why, dear?" "Maybe he'll carry the stove into the summer kitchen. I've asked you about a dozen times to do it."

"Yes, sir," said the old actor. "I have had my triumphs on the stage. I remember 'way back in the forties there was a crowded house in Syracuse to see my 'Hamlet.' At the end of the first act the audience got up and left the theater."

"That was hardly a triumph, was it?" "Certainly it was; I couldn't stand any more. Ah! I was a powerful actor in the forties."

One of our Sunday-school teachers on a recent occasion told her pupils that when they put their pennies in the contribution box she wanted each one to repeat a Bible verse suitable to the occasion. The first boy dropped in a cent, saying: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The next boy dropped his cent into the box, saying: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The third and youngest dropped his penny, saying: "A fool and his money are soon parted."

The Paris landlady and restaurant-keeper are gathering in a rich harvest. A guest at a restaurant called for the proprietor and said: "Your prices are very proper. A week ago I dined here and paid fifteen

francs. Here is the bill. To-day I have had precisely the same dishes, and you charge me nineteen francs. Here is the second bill." The proprietor examined the bill and said: "I am very much obliged to you for calling my attention to the matter. The first bill was evidently a mistake, so you will please hand over four francs more."

There was a little girl on board. Who couldn't stand the constant motion. "Well, mamma," she said one day, "there was some pavements on the ocean."

She watched the heaving billows roll. And shook her head and murmured sadly: "If they play still pond, stand of tag, It wouldn't make me feel so badly."

